

ATLANTIC GUARDIAN

The Magazine of the Atlantic

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IN THIS ISSUE:

SEPTEMBER, 1980

VOL. VII, No. 9

ST. JOHN'S BRANCH, CANADIAN LEGION

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Atlantic Guardian's Platform

- To make Newfoundland better known at home and abroad;
- To promote trade and travel in the Island;
- To encourage development of the Island's natural resources;
- To foster good relations between Newfoundland and her neighbors.

Atlantic Guardian

THE MAGAZINE OF NEWFOUNDLAND

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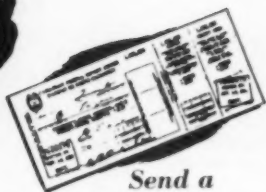
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Cover Picture: September means the end of Summer holidays and the re-opening of schools for thousands of Newfoundland youngsters. These two little tots view the future with not a little apprehension as they prepare for their first day of the new term.
—Photo by Marshall Studios.

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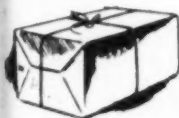
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● Every day in every way we learn a little more and more.

We had always thought that the climate of Newfoundland was influenced by the Gulf Stream.

But now comes the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution, the Hydrographic Office of the U. S. Navy, the Canadian Naval Research Establishment, the Atlantic Oceanographic Group of Canada, the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service and the Scripps Institution of Oceanography to tell us:

"Don't be so silly, everyone knows that the climate of Newfoundland influences the Gulf Stream."

And not only that but the temperature of the Gulf Stream is so high that it spoils your beer. At least it spoiled John Cabot's beer and almost made his crew mutiny.

We learned all this from a directorate of public relations of the Department of National Defence of Canada who shot us a release the other day about a "multiple ship survey of the Gulf Stream" which took place this summer under the auspices of the groups mentioned above.

SEPTEMBER, 1950

Canada's First Bank



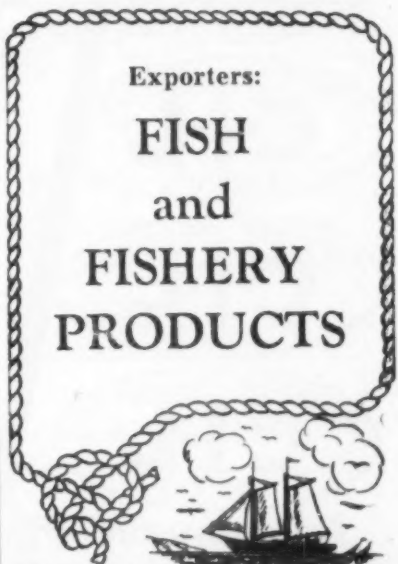
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It seems that "seven United States and Canadian research vessels, manned by 350 men, including 50 civilian scientists," took part in this survey - - known, by the way, as Operation Cabot - - and that much valuable information about ocean currents and the habits of fish, etc., was obtained.

Says the directorate of public relations of the Department of National Defence:

"The Gulf Stream has been a source of interest to seafarers ever since it was first encountered by John Cabot, a Venetian sailing in the service of the King of England, in 1497. Although Cabot was too far north to observe directly the effects of the current, history relates that his crew nearly mutinied when their beer, stowed in casks in the hold, was warmed by the water around the ship to a state they considered unfit for drinking. Hence the choice of the code-name for the expedition, which is also formed by the initial letters of "current and bathythermograph observations trip.

"The first detailed chart of the Gulf Stream was published by Benjamin Franklin in 1790, using data largely furnished by the whaling captains of Nantucket. Franklin's chart showed most of the Gulf Stream as recognized today - a concentrated flow out of the Gulf of Mexico in the strait between Florida and Cuba, north-east to Cape Hatteras, and then turning more easterly across the North Atlantic.

"The green fields of Ireland, the mild climate of England and the west of Norway, and even the ice-free condition of Russia's Mur-

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mansk coast are all attributable to the warmth of the Gulf Stream. Those who believe that the fluctuations of the Gulf Stream cause weather variations along the Atlantic coast of Canada and the United States receive scant encouragement from oceanographers, however, who point out that weather travels from west to east, so that the Gulf Stream off our shore is influenced by our weather, rather than the converse."

● We have this month a couple of additions to our collection of interesting pictures of the younger generation.

For the first, herewith, we are indebted to Doris M. Bugden, 46 Allandale Road, St. John's. The picture is of Clara Dibbon, daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Henry Dibbon of Port au Bras, Burin.



CLARA DIBBON

ATLANTIC GUARDIAN



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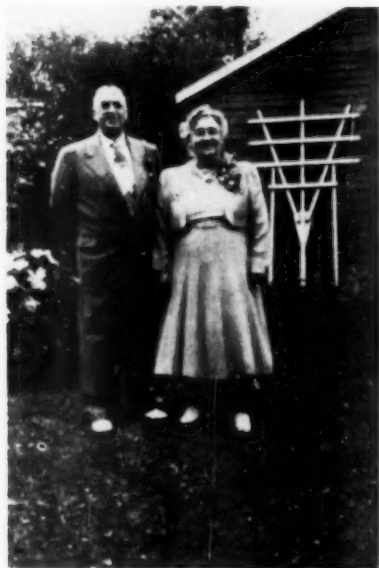
Established in 1780

There was another picture of another daughter, Sheila, who was up in a tree inspecting a bird's nest but when we took it to our engraver he shook his head sadly and said it wouldn't reproduce well because of too many leaves casting shadows all over the place.

Captain Dibbon, we are informed, is master of the M. V. Eva King and has two other children, Alice and John.

● And for our second picture of the younger generation we present the happy couple below.

They are Mr. and Mrs. W. K. LeDrew of 49 Day Avenue, Toronto, Ontario, who recently celebrated their Golden Wedding anniversary.



MR. & MRS. W. K. LeDREW

Our Toronto correspondent informs us that there was great and pleasurable to-do about the LeDrew house-

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hold on the big day.

Features of the day included "a letter of congratulation from the mayor of Toronto, a wire from old friends in Cupids (Mr. LeDrew's birth place), a regular flood of cards and good wishes from friends in and about Toronto and from Newfoundland.

Mrs. LeDrew's bridesmaid was present for the celebration and a card was received from the best man of 50 years before.

Mrs. LeDrew was a native of St. John's (our Toronto man forgot to get her maiden name and has been severely dealt with), and both are in the best of health and spirits as they start their next 50 years."

Brian Cahill



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By
STANLEY C. TILLER

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ATLANTIC GUARDIAN

Vol. VII, No. 9

ATLANTIC GUARDIAN

VISITS

THE CANADIAN LEGION

St. John's Branch

The Lieutenant Governor of Newfoundland, Sir Leonard Outerbridge, himself a distinguished war veteran, is shown addressing the audience at the opening of the Legion Clubrooms and Headquarters last February. At right is Past President of the G.W.V.A. and first President of the St. John's Branch of the Canadian Legion, Lt. Col. J. P. O'Driscoll. Club rooms are quite spacious, though not adequate for presence of full membership, which is now 1250. There are some thirty branches of the Legion in Newfoundland.

On October 12, 1949, a unique organization, as far as Canada is concerned, whose name was a household word in Newfoundland more or less went out of existence—the Great War Veterans' Association. But, as with old soldiers, it 'did not die but merely faded'—into the Canadian Legion, to become the Newfoundland Provincial Command of that body.

The G.W.V.A. was unique be-

cause in effect it took the place of a Department of Veterans' Affairs, and all the problems of veterans and their dependents became its chief responsibility, and the problem and responsibility of its Secretary, hard-working W. R. "Ron" Martin, whose name is almost synonymous with the Association.

Newfoundland War Veterans, of course, received War Pensions, but all other matters such as Rehabilitation and Welfare Work fell to the lot of the G.W.V.A. These problems, real enough after World War One, assumed a formidable complexity after World War Two. Newfoundlanders serving with the Imperial Forces had none of the benefits accruing to them such as were outlined in the Canadian Veterans' Charter. The G.W.V.A., particularly at the cessation of hostilities, had to step into the breach and do for Newfound-

landers what the Canadian Department of Veterans' Affairs was doing for its men, and what the Newfoundland Division of that Department is doing locally now.

The Newfoundland Patriotic Association, which raised funds during and after both World Wars for assisting veterans and their dependents, turned over their funds to the Association when the troops had returned. These funds are administered by a special Relief Committee while the N.P.A.'s Board of Trustees is still responsible for them. Moreover, the G.W.V.A. at home did a great service for the armed forces of World War Two.

The Association agitated for adequate pay and increased pensions for Newfoundlanders serving in the Imperial Forces, and adequate allowances for their dependents. Climax of this agitation was the famous Island-wide petition which was signed by one hundred thousand people and presented to the British Government with salutary results. Another outstanding job sponsored by the Association was the collection and shipment of two steamer loads of scrap metal and rubber to England at the height of the Battle of the Atlantic (one ship was torpedoed).

Again just after the National Referenda of 1948, Secretary Martin and G. C. Eaton, member of the Executive went to Ottawa and discussed the Veterans' Benefits with the Newfoundland Delegation. A meeting with the then Minister of Veterans' Affairs Milton Gregg was arranged and a request for the extension of Re-

establishment Credits to Newfoundland veterans, other than those in the Canadian Forces, which were not provided for in the Terms of Union. The result was approximately five million dollars to be applied in such credits to all Newfoundland Veterans.

The G.W.V.A. was formed in 1918 and reorganized in 1919 with Mr. Harold Mitchell as founder and first President. With the aid of public subscription a building was acquired fronting on Water Street, with an entrance off Solomon's Lane, named after Nfld's first Postmaster Simon Solomon who kept his office there after 1805. The headquarters remained there for thirty years till October 1949, when it moved to its present offices on the top-floor of the former "Movie Chat", a restaurant and soda-fountain much frequented by servicemen in World War Two.

The main reason for the move was to provide a suitable club-room for members of the Association, which was then merging with the Canadian Legion after discussions which had recommended the advisability of such a merger.

**MORE PICTURES
ON THE NEXT
FOUR PAGES ►**



The Executive, St. John's Branch Canadian Legion. Nearest and facing camera, President Myles Murray. Clockwise around table, W. G. Warren, 1st Vice Pres.; G. Learning; W. White; W. R. Dawe; H. Gill; E. Learning; G. Gill; F. O'Dea; J. A. Hawes, Hon. Treas.; W. R. Martin, Provincial Secretary, Newfoundland Command, Canadian Legion. Not shown in picture: F. Templeman, 2nd Vice Pres.; E. Brown; G. Butler; E. Baggs; G. Bastow; S. Dewling; C. Salter.

Important work is carried on by the Ladies' Auxiliary of the St. John's Branch. Their officers are shown here at an executive meeting held to finalize work of the Forget-me-not Day Appeal in St. John's area. From left to right: Mrs. H. Garrett, Treasurer; Mrs. J. C. Barr, Secretary; Mrs. W. G. Warren, President; Miss Edith Alderdice, Vice-President. The Ladies Auxiliary also carries on an Annual Poppy Day Appeal just before Armistice Day, November 11th. Other work includes sewing groups which furnish clothing to needy dependants of veterans.





Unlike the Annual Poppy Day Appeal, the Forget-me-Not Tag Day is a peculiarly Newfoundland affair. It is carried on a short time before July 1st, which is Newfoundland's Memorial Day. On that day in 1916—during the Battle of the Somme, the Newfoundland Regiment was decimated and the Island left in mourning. The Sunday nearest to July 1st, Memorial Services are held at the National War Memorial at King's Beach. Picture shows Major F. W. Marshall, Provincial President, laying a wreath on behalf of the Newfoundland Command Canadian Legion at the 1950 ceremonies.

Since the club was opened last winter many pleasant social functions have been held there. This is where the old campaigns are refought, and "buddies" get together to recall memories of many lands and of the lads who did not come back. Around the bar, they sing the old songs and the new songs of two World Wars. A very popular game in the club is darts. The Forget-me-Not darts contest was won by Alec. Thompson, (left) shown here being congratulated by Don Fitzpatrick (right).





One of the programmed events for this year's Newfoundland Day—June 24th—was the presentation of Colors to the newly-formed Newfoundland Command of the Canadian Legion. The presentation was made by Dominion Officers to Provincial Representatives. Chaplain Rev. George H. Maidment is shown here receiving colors for dedication from the Provincial President, Major F. W. Marshall. At far right, Mr. W. R. Dawe. The R.C.N. Band was in attendance.

Shortly after the new Clubrooms were opened a Membership Drive was initiated which had excellent results. Membership fee is two dollars per year, and members are entitled to bring one guest on certain days to enjoy the club's facilities, which are thrown open every day from 5 to 11 p.m. An officer of the Royal Newfoundland Regiment in World War One, Mayor Harry Mews of St. John's is shown buying his Membership from President Myles Murray.





The Club has its "Ladies' Nights" on Wednesdays and Fridays, when members can bring their wives and lady-friends. Here a group assembles around the piano for a sing-song.

A group of "Old Comrades", veterans of World War One, congregate admiringly around Sable Chief, mascot of the Royal Newfoundland Regiment. From left to right: W. Newberry, J. J. Dooley, T. Mahoney, P. J. Miskell, E. S. Hennebury, W. L. Logan, (Inspection Division, Treatment Administration, Department of Veteran's Affairs, Ottawa), E. Kelly. Sable Chief was presented to the Second Battalion, 1st Newfoundland Regiment (afterwards Royal) on April 20, 1917, by Capt. C. W. Firebrace. The "Chief" was killed in an accident in 1918. He was stuffed and placed in the High Commissioner's Office in London where he remained till the office was closed after Newfoundland entered Confederation. The mascot was then sent to the Great War Veterans Association of Newfoundland, and was placed in the Legion Club, where it reposes in a large glass case.



Man of the Month



The Rev. Dr. L. G. Fitzgerald of Buchans has a flair for Poetry — and strange adventures.

IN THE Pacific Ocean many miles west of the Panama Canal lies the lonely island of Cocos, haunt of pirates like Davis and Bonito, and said to be the inspiration for the best-known of all stories of treasure-hunting and pirates in fact or fiction, Robert Louis Stevenson's "Treasure Island".

It is many thousands of miles from the new mining town of Buchans near Red Indian Lake in the heart of western Newfoundland, yet there is a definite and

LONE EAGLE OF GOD

by MICHAEL HARRINGTON

fascinating link between the ghost-ridden Pacific islet and the Newfoundland industrial centre. That link is the Rev. Dr. L. G. Fitzgerald, Parish Priest of Buchans, the first and only priest to visit Cocos and say Mass there.

Dr. Fitzgerald is presently in the news on account of the recent publication of a volume of his poems entitled "Lone Eagles of God", by The Exposition Press of New York. This fine collection of ballads and other verses depicting with sympathy and humor the life and labors of his brother priests in isolated places along Newfoundland's harsh coasts has met with considerable acclaim from all reviewers. Dr. Fitzgerald knows whereof he speaks. For he has put in eighteen years of such devoted service himself in far-flung parishes in Newfoundland and Labrador.

Quiet, scholarly and unassuming, Rev. Dr. Fitzgerald has had a fascinating career as author-priest, of which only his closest friends hitherto were aware. He was born at Harbor Grace, the son of Patrick J. Fitzgerald, J.P.

and Margaret Fleming. He received his early education at Harbor Grace Academy and St. Bonaventure's College in St. John's, entering Holy Heart Seminary in 1917. He was ordained in 1923 and, on his return to Newfoundland, was appointed Assistant Priest at North River, C. B., later going to Northern Bay, C. B., and then to King's Cove, B. B. In 1929 he developed eye-trouble and received leave of absence to go to New York and consult an eye-specialist.

While on leave he became connected with one of the countless expeditions that have been fitted out for Cocos, the world-famed 'Treasure Island'. By one of life's curious coincidences, Father Fitzgerald had a far more legitimate interest in the treasure island than any of the people whom he accompanied to the Pacific.

A partial but somewhat inaccurate account of the Cocos Island story with reference to Captain Nicholas Fitzgerald of Harbor Grace, grandfather of the author-priest, can be found in the "Book of Newfoundland". Captain Fitzgerald was moulded in heroic proportions and his early adventures at sea running the Federal blockade in his own sailing vessel in the American Civil War, 1861-65, paralleled very closely the story of Rhett Butler in Margaret Mitchell's celebrated novel 'Gone with the Wind'.

It was inevitable that such an individual would be attracted by the fabulous stories of treasure supposedly buried on Cocos by the pirate Bonito or Benito. (His

real name was Bennett, and he was an English naval officer who turned to piracy and robbed the treasure ships of Peru, as they fled during the rising of the Spanish American colonies in the early part of the 19th century).

All sorts of tales were rife about the Cocos Treasure, and they have drawn an endless stream of unsuccessful treasure-hunters to the island for a hundred and fifty years. Captain Fitzgerald went there himself and his information was gleaned at first-hand. He is the only one known to have checked with any degree of accuracy, the markings, locations, etc., with the historical facts as recorded. The book "Doubloons" by Charles Driscoll and the writings of William Beebe and others carry a substantially accurate account of Captain Fitzgerald's negotiations with Admiral Palliser, while the former was Inspector of Newfoundland Fisheries during the regime of the Whiteway and Bond Governments.

Says Mass on Cocos Island

In 1930-31 Dr. Fitzgerald had made an extended trip to Mexico, the Canal Zone, the West Indies and the islands of the Southern Pacific, and he was with a party which made an aerial survey of many of these islands from the American Army Base at the France Flying Field in the Canal Zone. Dr. Fitzgerald's link with Cocos Island through his grandfather was permanently established in 1932, when he went with Commander Eugene F. McDonald, Jr., of Chicago and ex-Mayor

Charles G. Hanna of Syracuse, N. Y., in the former's yacht "Mizpah" to search for the Cocos Island treasure with an electric 'divining-rod', which was to be operated by some scientific friends of the host.

On Cocos Island the expedition verified much of the information secured by Captain Fitzgerald, but the divining-rod was put out of commission by an electrical storm and nothing came of the search. It was during this visit to Cocos that Father Fitzgerald became the first and only priest to celebrate Mass on the original 'Treasure Island'. During the remainder of the cruise he became the first priest in seventeen years to visit a colony of San Blas Indians, a remnant of a former head-hunting but now christianized tribe living in primitive and almost forgotten isolation; and he was one of the party of five from the "Mizpah" who went ashore on the famed Galapagos Islands, some distance south of Cocos, where they rescued Dr. Ritter, a German scientist, and Frau Strauch, who were stranded and starving on a lonely coral atoll in the group.

With such a remarkable series of experiences, added to his original literary talent, Dr. Fitzgerald returned to Newfoundland to resume his priestly labors and, in his spare time, to seek to enrich Newfoundland literature with his creations which had begun at an

early age, actually in the pages of "The Adelpian", St. Bonaventure's College Annual. In 1925, when he was stationed at Northern Bay, he wrote his first well-known story "Fool's Gold" which appeared in "Columbia" magazine.

When he was appointed Administrator at Conche and Parish Priest at St. Brendan's and Coachman's Cove he wrote many articles, poems and stories, mostly with a Newfoundland setting which appeared in American and Canadian magazines. In the past several years many of his poems and ballads have been written for the "Monitor", published in the Archdiocese of St. John's. It is a collection of these ballads and others that has been published by the Exposition Press and hailed by critics. Dr. Fitzgerald is currently being referred to as "The Poet Priest of the North", and "A Modern Mystic in Motley" whose "warm glow of humor" and "merciless thrusts at sham and hypocrisy" are features of his delightful ballads, the first edition of which is now almost sold.

Both Father Fitzgerald's parents, to whom "Lone Eagles of God" is dedicated, are now living in Long Island, New York. His publishers are now negotiating with him for the publication of a collection of his short stories which have appeared at various intervals under the heading of "Sketches of a Skipper".

* The collected "Poems and other Verses" by Rt. Rev. M. F. Howley, Archbishop of St. John's, Newfoundland, were published in 1903 by J. Fischer and Bro., New York. Bishop Howley, the first native Newfoundlander to be elevated to the Archiepiscopate, received the Pallium in 1904.

SHIP AHOY !

A Short Story
by RON POLLETT

EVERYTHING was going all right until Uncle Bill accidentally dropped his pipe into the bilgewater. It had been sticking, bowl up, out of his vest pocket and when he reached out to slack off the sail a notch it fell out and slid through the finger hole in the dellboard.

"Drat it!" he exploded, letting go of the tiller and taking his eyes off the sheet a moment. But that instant was long enough to lose the bulge out of the mainsail as the punt, out of control, jibed into the wind. The jib fluttered and the driver sail creased as the tricky breeze caught the canvas head on.

Uncle Bill and Ernie needed the advantage of that wayward draft to push them out of the civil strip near the headland and into the riffled water at the mouth of the harbor. They were sailing home

from the fishing grounds and had skirted close to the cliffs to save water while rounding the small cape, depending on the slight breeze that always came out of the back cove.

But for the pipe they would have been ready. As it was now, the **Lukey B**, which was racing them in and also cutting close to the cliffs, gained the breezy harbor a full two minutes ahead of their **Bessie M**.

"We'll never catch up now, Uncle Bill," Ernie said dejectedly as he watched the other punt spring to life and draw away fast. "They'll be in at the wharf before we get half way in the harbor."

"Drat it!" Uncle Bill swore again, sticking his pipe in the same pocket. "Not so bad as all that, me boy. But the **Lukey** is a fast one, all right, at full sheets. Beats us every time, don't she? And Old Arch don't forget to crow about it, neither."

"And Harry, too, Uncle Bill. Never stops braggin' about his da's new punt. Why, just that minute when I hollered 'Ship ahoy!' all he done was thumb his



"I can get into this harbor when all the others have to run for shelter," old Arch bellowed.

nose at us as they sailed by in that draft we missed. And Old Arch was leanin' back as big as life with his feet up on the gang-boards and not even botherin' to give us a look."

"Can't get it out of their mind, I guess, how the **Bessie M** was the fastest sailer in these here parts till Arch built that sixteen-footer last winter. A foot longer than than the **Bess**, she is. Measured her meself to make sure."

"But some day they won't be so lucky as just now, will they, Uncle Bill?"

"Not if we got to tack in, me boy." The **Bessie M** had reached the breeze now and Uncle Bill slacked off the mainsail and driver as Ernie, up for'ard, handled the jib. "The **Lukey** got too high a beam counter to make good headway hauled close to the wind, as I told Old Arch when he launched her. But he laughed at me. 'We'll see,' he said. 'We'll see.' Now he watches me like a hawk. If there's a fair wind, well and good—he hauls up the grapple to come in the same time I do. But when the wind's offshore, he sticks to the grounds like a squid to the jigger because he knows the **Bessie** is a good tackler and he don't want to get beat."

"Anyway, when it comes to braggin', we can always talk about our fish, hey, Uncle Bill?" Ernie consoled, lifting a gang-board and inspecting the mess of cod in the hold. "I'd just like to see Harry thumb his nose at all the cuttails I heave up on the wharf every day? All good one-handers and bigger—not like the tomcods they bring in."

Uncle Bill laughed. "Yes, me

boy. The **Bessie M** can smell out the whoppers, all right. You ought to have half a dozen quintals to sell before school time again, in September."

Uncle Bill never said so to Ernie, but he was thinking now how Old Arch, good punt and all, never was much of a hand at figuring out the best places to catch fish. All right in the caplin school, of course, when you could sling the anchor over almost anywhere and be lucky, especially with the floats. But it did take a bit of reckoning to get on the heads of them when they moved into twenty fathoms to feed around the ledges after the caplin glut was over. Now, in the middle of August, with the squids in, you had to know more than your left foot from your right to get a good catch every day.

So Old Arch didn't keep close to the **Bessie** these days just to show off his new punt, Uncle Bill reflected. Whenever he brought in a few master cod one day, the next morning on the grounds the **Lukey** was bound to heave up to where he was come to, especially if he was boiling the pot. Old Arch would ask to put his kettle on the fire, all the time squinting at the landmarks like a weasel in the henhouse. But the marks weren't much help unless you could figure the tides too, and Old Arch had to take pot luck when it came to that.

Anyway, it was only since he got the sturdy **Lukey** would the old duffer venture to the far grounds except in civil weather. Until this summer he usually hove his grapple over close to the headlands where he could hear the

birds singing in the trees while he fed bait to the scroff in the shoal water. But now he was ever so cocky and fished miles from shore looking for the big ones, except he didn't yet know the ropes in the deep places and often wound up with nothing anyhow.

But some days the old codger was lucky and got a fair catch—just as he was lucky last winter building a punt that sat in the water like a proud duck through some off chance or other. It couldn't have been anything but a fluke if clumsy Old Arch had a hand in it! But there it was—and the **Bessie M** was no longer considered the pride of the fleet.

Of course, the ordinary mucking handliners these days didn't bother too much about the looks of their punts, be it said with regret; the boats could be scows so long as they got on the grounds and back. But the oldtimers, like himself, and practically all the schoolboys out codding of a summer with their fathers or uncles had an eye for rake and trim—a healthy sign in a boy, to be sure.

So if only to please Ernie—and at the same time torment Old Arch — he would keep his glimmers peeled to race the **Lukey** on a tack into the harbor the first chance he got. He was convinced by the lines of her that the **Lukey** was only a fair-weather punt, a bit too blowsy in the beam to slice into the wind and lop luffed tight to the breeze.

Ernie was a fine boy and good company to have aboard. He was a smart hand with the squid jigger and pitched in at hauling up the grapple and cutting bait and swabbing up. But he was

none too robust for twelve — skinny like a skiver. He would never make a rough and tumble handliner because his hands were too small and fingers nish, and there was hardly enough room in his chest, either.

Too bad, too, he had no father since Clem drowned a few summers back. But his Ma was keeping him in school with the intention of making a teacher out of him. "Aunt" Sarah always said a boy needed an education to keep him away from the sea. But Ernie seemed to enjoy the fishing, chapped hands or no; and what of it if his Uncle Bill was old fool enough to cut on the sly more tails than Ernie caught; The few quintals of dried cod would come in handy for Aunt Sarah at selling time in the fall.

OLD ARCH'S wharf and Uncle Bill's wharf were only a few yards apart and Harry was on Uncle Bill's stagehead when Ernie landed. Like Ernie, he wore blue denim overalls tucked into knee-length rubber boots, a blue home-knit sweater and a peaked cap. The peak of Ernie's cap was turned up jauntily while Harry's was shading his eyes.

As by no other mark, this made him his father's son. Old Arch always wore the peak down and had the habit of tilting his head back to peer out from under. Now Harry, at only fourteen, had confirmed that odd habit too. It at least kept his chin up and shoulders straight, which made him appear more alert than actually was the case.

Bulky for his age, he was somewhat of a bully except he didn't

bother with slim Ernie much outside of giving him the tongue. And when it came to tongues, Ernie could give him as good as he sent. Harry far from relished that, to be sure, but there was nothing he could do about it.

Now Ernie, looking up as he fastened the painter, saw the saucer face of Harry spreading into a lippy grin. His pudgy reddened hands, like hunks of raw salmon, hung by their thumbs hitched in the shoulder straps of his overalls. This also was a familiar stance of his father, who struck this impressive pose when throwing his chest out about something. But Ernie beat him to the draw.

"Got yer fish put away already, Harry?" he inquired with biting sarcasm. Harry could not have been landed more than a few minutes and, indeed, was breathless with hurry. Ernie spat overside like a true sailor.

"Well, there's no chance of it turnin' soft the way it do in some punts crawlin' in from the grounds. We could have the whole quintal split, and salted too, since we passed you out by the Point." He drew a sweater sleeve, stained and crushed by the salt water, across his fat mouth.

Ernie spat again. "Quintal? What quintal? Anyway, the only soft ones we ever have is the ones on the bottom, squat with the weight. Uncle Bill and me usually catch more than just enough for ballast, and loaded punts is bound to be slow."

Harry wiped his mouth again. "Slow is right — 'specially the Bessie. We almost lost sight of you, we was so far ahead. And

'twould be the same way if the **Lukey** was flush to the gunnels and the **Bessie** had only the bread-box aboard."

Ernie curled his lip. "Says you! Well, we can always hand you the end of the rhode as a tow line any day the wind is to the south'rd and you got to luff in. We wouldn't want to see such a fine punt as the **Lukey** blowed out in the bay. She just natur'ly likes to have the wind in her tail feathers, that one—and that's the only way she ever gets it. But you can always tie up the sails and row in in the shelter of the shore 'long with the washtubs like you done t'other day. Uncle Bill and me, now—we get so tired haulin' in fish we like to rest up on the way home, head wind or no."

Uncle Bill winked at Ernie. "Come now, come now, me hearties," he chided. "Ernie, there's work to be done; we got a couple of quintals here to split and salt." He started removing the gangboards covering the hold.

Harry's eyes popped at the sight of so many big cod. The giant of them all had its tail knicked.

"Thought sure I had hold of the bottom when I hooked that one," Ernie bragged. "I was down aft gettin' a mug-up when I heard me line crackin' on the gunnel. Uncle Bill had to help me get 'im started, but I dragged 'im up the whole twenty fathoms meself. Almost broke the hand gaff liftin' 'im aboard. Sure can catch the big ones on the mussels, all right—if you know where to put the hook down. Don't take many of that kind to make a quintal, hey, Harry?"

Harry gulped. "I had hold to one bigger'n that yes'day down on Logy Ledge. Straightened out the hook and got away, he was so big."

"Sure was a whale, all right, to bend the hook on a codjigger," Ernie snickered.

Harry sniffed and spluttered. "How d'ya know we was usin' the jigger?"

"I didn't," Ernie laughed.

Ernie had heard his uncle voice a suspicion that Old Arch was one of the few handliners unscrupulous enough to use the jigger—the anathema of true baiters. An artificial lure of shiny lead sprouting heavy hooks that ripped into the fish's body, the jigger was considered unsporting, to say the least, except where the fish were so plentiful as to be in "eating the rocks" as never was the case in these parts.

This barbarous lure, jerked over the grounds at the end of a line from a drifting punt, wounded more fish than it hooked solidly. It tore through the soft belly letting out a comet's tail of entrails from the luckless cod, which then was chased to kingdom come by its canabalistic brothers. A couple of jiggers combing the grounds every day would soon spoil the fishing for the baiters as well as for the jerkers themselves.

Rather than use the jigger, as some of the selfish handliners did when squid bait was scarce, Uncle Bill dug sea mussels and clams the soft meat of which he tied laboriously to the hook with slips of thread. This was tedious work, of course, but any cod that nosed near his lines usually hung around

to be caught instead of being ripped by murderous barbs.

But some of the others, including Old Arch, too impatient or too lazy to bother with the soft bait, got out the jigger—albeit sneakishly as though they were stealing the fish. Which was exactly what they were doing, according to Uncle Bill.

Harry was aware of all this. He had often heard Uncle Bill berate the jiggers. He bit his tongue now, trying to take his words back.

"Well, we run out of bait," he blubbered. "'Twas too early to leave off, Da said."

"Jiggin' is stealin'," Ernie rubbed it in. "The one you had hold of was prob'ly just a one-hander jigged by the belly and you tore the guts out haulin' it up sideways."

"Come now, come now, me boys; that be enough!" Uncle Bill chided again. "Let's get to work, Ernie."

Ernie wheeled the barrow out of the stage and hefted the fish into it as Uncle Bill pronged them up from the punt. The old man grunted under the weight of the big ones, four or five of which made a load for Ernie to wheel in. Harry had breezed off, his books clunking on the wharf longers, and already was on his own stage-head drawing water. The draw-bucket plunked hollowly as it hit the surface face down. Ernie would soon be doing the same chore—filling the big splitting tub with sea water to wash the fish before salting.

It might be fun catching the cod, reflected Ernie, but it sure was tough work afterwards. Still,

there was great satisfaction seeing his own salt-bulk pound growing with every catch. He made certain that only the fish with knife notches in their tails got into that pound. Uncle Bill couldn't afford to give away any cod, even to his own nephew!

THEY were salting the last of the fish when Old Arch, trailed by Harry, came into the stage. The big, blustering man almost six feet and heavy besides, had to stoop low to clear the transom and Harry, who could have come through with a gull perched on his head, for some reason ducked too. Old Arch was picking his teeth with a match where he'd just come from dinner.

"Heard you got a couple o' quintals, Bill," he greeted. "Master fish, too. Some fellers get all the luck."

Uncle Bill looked up from where he was bending over the salt bulk. A short, stumpy man, he would have had to look up anyhow at Old Arch.

"Seek and ye shall find," is what I always say."

"I was late gettin' on the grounds, meself," Old Arch alibied. "Stopped at the inside jiffin' hole around dawn. No squids, though."

"Didn't waste time, I didn't," Uncle Bill said smoothly. "There'll be no squid till after the next nor-easter. One on the way now, be the look o' the sky."

Old Arch planted his bottom on the edge of a puncheon tub. "Could be a fool's sky," he doubted. "We sure need the squids, though. All I had this mornin'

was a few old soldiers. They was so rotted they lit up the bait tub like a lantern. Can't make much of a hand with that when the fish is so finnicky."

Uncle Bill stood up and palmed the salt off his fingers. A sly twinkle came into his eyes. "Well, there's always the jigger for them that wants it," he prodded. "I seen Jim Pell from Tickle Cove rakin' over the Rock today. Hard work for nothin', though. A few more Jim Pells and we'd all be starvin'."

"That's what I always say." Old Arch spoke grandiloquently.

Ernie looked at Harry and grinned in his face. The smirk was like a kick in the pants to Harry, but he was helpless.

"Only had a few mussels, meself," Uncle Bill proffered. "Swiped me old woman's sewin' cotton to tie 'em on. Good investment, though."

"Too much like work, fer me," Old Arch depreciated. "I'll wait fer the squids."

Harry, taking it all in, now stuck his thumbs in his shoulder straps. "Nothin' like squid pips," he observed sagely. "You catch codnet fish on the pips."

"Nothin' the matter with mussels, either, when it comes to the big ones," Ernie digged. "Got to use the gobstick to get the hook out, they swallow it so far down."

"Yeah, yeah! If the thread don't get hitched in their teeth first," Harry quipped. "Like Da says——"

But he didn't finish. Old Arch wheeled suddenly and raised a hand at Harry as if to box him in

the ears. Harry ducked like a bullbird, avoiding the blow. Watching him maneuver so expertly, Ernie thought laughingly: Now, I wouldn't say that was the first time he's had to do that!

"I'll teach you to keep a civil tongue," the big man threatened. "What you loafin' around here fer? Go home and get out the reap hook and start on the grass."

Uncle Bill laughed. "Got some grass to cut, meself. We'll all have time to do some shore work waitin' for the nor'easter to blow out. Ernie, you catch up on yer sleep, me boy. There'll be plenty of good fishin, next week."

THE storm came as predicted. But it wasn't much of a blow—never was, in August. Ernie slept

at home for three nights waiting out the wind instead of on the bunk in Uncle Bill's kitchen as he did when fishing.

The bunk was fine. Sleeping there made everything handy getting out at three in the morning, with Uncle Bill dishing up the breakfast. On the safari down the lane to the wharf where the **Bessie M** was waiting, Ernie's job was to carry the lantern a step ahead and light the path for Uncle Bill who was loaded down with grub and gear.

On such mornings pinpoints of light flickered everywhere—from windows, wharves, and boats—as the handliners got under way to be on the grounds before dawn. Uncle Bill and Ernie usually were ahead of time, waiting for the first

BOOMED PULP WOOD ON LOWER HUMBER RIVER

This pulp wood is on its way to Bowater's Newfoundland Pulp and Paper Mill at Corner Brook where it will be made into paper and shipped to foreign markets.

If we, as Newfoundlanders, want our Paper Mills to continue operating and to remain an industry which is Newfoundland's second largest, we must prevent Forest Fires.

In 1949, about ninety per cent of our disastrous fires were caused by careless people. Let us all resolve this year to be particularly careful with fire in the woods.

● SAVE TIMBER, PREVENT FOREST FIRES

NEWFOUNDLAND
FOREST
PROTECTION
ASSOCIATION.



streaks of daylight to reveal the landmarks. The old man was just as eager after sixty years of hand-lining as was Ernie who started only this summer.

As a rule, squids were caught in the evening just before dark at a "jigging hole" near the shore just inside a point of land at the entrance to the harbor. Now, the first evening after the storm abated, the boats set out to look for bait. The sea was almost calm and it was an easy row of only a mile. The **Bessie M** was among the first to reach the spot, but in a short time as many as twenty punts came to anchor—the **Lukey** among them, of course.

The boats were lined up abreast with only room between to drop the jigger lines into the water. The jigger is a metal plug with shiny brass hooks at one end resembling the horns or tentacles of the squid flared back as if to attack. The little octopus enjoys a fight and so clasps the jigger tenaciously.

Ernie and Uncle Bill worked two lines apiece, as did everyone else, the lure suspended a couple of fathoms deep. When the squids were plentiful, one line could be sinking while the other was catching the fish—everybody working as fast as he could.

This evening, waiting for the squids, which might or might not show up, the jigging hole was the usual hum of voices, like a club meeting. Fishermen from all over the settlement and from nearby harbors lolled and gabbed and yarned. Old Arch and Harry were several punts removed from the **Bessie M**. The big man's voice

boomed far and wide, dominating the hum.

"Yes, she's a fine boat, this one. Built her last winter," he was regaling some stranger from down the shore. "I got a nice set of sails fer her and I daresay she's as good as they be."

"He sure can brag," a man next to Ernie said in a low voice. "When's yer goin' to take the wind out o' his sails, Uncle Bill?"

A second man spoke guardedly: "You won't catch Arch anywhere where the wind is heavy, good punt or no—unless he's changed. He'll run fer shelter like a goat in the rain. But the **Lukey** do look like a fine one, and you can't blame Arch fer shootin' off."

Uncle Bill laughed. "But the proof of the puddin' is in the eatin'—and Arch don't like puddin'. I still say she's no good on a tack!"

A third man, evidently eager to rile Old Arch, stood up and shouted: "Bill, here, says the **Lukey's** no good on a tack!"

The big fellow rose full height and glowered as the jigging hole roared with laughter. His face blanched as he turned towards Uncle Bill.

"I can get into this harbor when all the others have to run for shelter!" he bellowed.

His tormentor roared back: "Yes; if you break your back rowing along the shore like the rest of us. Uncle Bill, here, will hand you a tow line when it gets real rough!"

At that instant the squids struck. The punt on the outside end of the line raised them first, shouting

"Squid-o-o-o!" The cry was taken up by everyone as the crews sprung to their lines like jumping jacks, working the jiggers feverishly to keep the squids engaged.

Ernie grabbed his oil jacket and Cape Ann and battened down against the spray—the squirts of water and brown fluid from the fishes' jets as the squids were surfaced on the jiggers. The forceful geysers arched overhead and spattered everything and everybody in the punts. Ernie ducked to keep the dirty stream out of his eyes as he hauled the squids aboard as fast as he could work his arms.

The jigging hole that had hummed with voices now resounded with the lippy sputters of hundreds of cuttlers filling themselves with air instead of water and exploding the dregs of their ink sacs hollowly in the bait tubs. They slithered back and forth in the sawed-off half-barrels in lubricated frenzy, their four-inch baggy bodies puffing like miniature whales.

In ten minutes the squidding was over, only an odd one remaining to be hooked. The boats one after another hoisted sail and headed homeward, everybody happy at the prospect of good codding tomorrow.

With the wind on her tail the **Lukey** again outdistanced the **Bess**. Old Arch and Harry made certain to be on hand when Uncle Bill landed. They strutted out on the wharf together, and one was as smug as the other. Uncle Bill avoided any mention of the set-to in the jigging hole, but Ernie could

tell by the trim of his jaw he was getting ready to have a showdown with Old Arch that would settle the matter once and for all.

THE opportunity came sooner than Uncle Bill anticipated. He had hoped to trap Old Arch out on the grounds in a sou'wester which often blew up without warning, when the big boaster would be forced to duck for cover—to try to make the shelter of the land. But up to now the old conniver had been foxy enough to sit out the squalls when smaller craft thought best to haul up and skiddoo before things got worse. It would be some time later—in the fall, no doubt—before he might catch Old Arch in a real blow that lasted into the night, when even a sturdy one like the **Lukey** had better head for home before dark.

But Uncle Bill didn't have to wait for the fall. It happened the very next evening at the jigging hole. The sky suddenly blackened to the south and the wind freshened speedily until there were whitecaps foaming out of the harbor. Some of the less seaworthy of the boats soon scooted off outside to the shelter of the headland where they could berth in the cove while their owners footed back home over the road to the village.

Those brave enough to risk being blown out to sea with night at hand could tack across the mouth of the harbor into the full force of the squalls. There was plenty of time before dark for the stronger punts thus to gain the far side where they could row home

in the shelter of the shore if unwilling to stand off again. Any who elected to ride it out at the jiggling hole ran the chance of being swamped, or driven ashore and wrecked on the jagged rocks. Old Arch was certainly up against it this time!

With his eyes apprehensively glued to the harbor, the big man was noticeably quiet and brooding. He snapped at Harry for no reason at all, and was livid with rage when the same tormentor of the evening before jeeringly suggested that here was his chance to fill his big mouth with spray.

Uncle Bill, too, looked out across the water. "Nice breeze, all right!" he announced to all and sundry. "Me old legs is too tired to walk home. Get your oil clothes on, Ernie. We're haulin' off!"

"Uncle Bill is bound out!" the devilish fellow shouted.

"He's bound out!" the others took up in chorus.

"And so is the **Lukey**!" bellowed Old Arch as he started to untie his canvas.

No other boat readied to venture into the teeth of the squalls.

Uncle Bill got into his oilskins as Ernie hoisted the jib. The old skipper's jaw was set while he tautened the stays and reeved the sheets through the galvanized blocks, testing the tackle. He snapped the orders:

"Get into the aft standing room with me, Ernie, and handle the jib sheets from here. Hold on tight

when she heels, and brace yer feet against the risins'. Keep yer head out of the way of the boom, me son, and don't be scared . . . But this is almost a livin' gale!" he added soberly.

The two boats started off in line, the **Lukey** a few yards to win'ard. As the first big gust hit her, she heeled sharply and Arch brought her up to the wind. In that instant the **Bessie**, gunwales awash, shot ahead.

The next moment, the **Lukey** had recovered and now was catching up. But already she had lost the win'ard ground and was, in fact, in the **Bessie's** wake. Just as Uncle Bill had surmised, she tended to jibe off. Old Arch evidently saw this now and was striving to keep her bow to the **Bessie**.

The next squall strained every thread in the **Bessie's** canvas as Uncle Bill made her take the full blast. Ernie grabbed hold of a tole pin to ease the push of his feet as the punt beam-ended alarmingly. Only in a terrific gust in the middle of the reach did Uncle Bill ease her into the wind to kill some of the weight on her mainsail. Ernie's heart was in his throat as fresh squalls hit and dipped the gunwales even further. The next one **must** keel her over! And the wind was getting stronger!

Meantime the **Lukey** was having trouble. Old Arch was taking the gusts head on, too timid to brave the full wind. She was far to leeward by this time and dropping away fast as if fighting to turn tail for fair. At that rate, he'd be

lucky to make the opposite shore even as far out as the off headland! If he couldn't make that point for shelter, things would be black for the **Lukey**.

The **Bessie** made landfall well in and set off on another tack that would bring her within striking distance of home. The lop was less rough this far in but the wind no less gusty. The staunch little boat cut a neat swath in the water, biting almost in the teeth of the flying spray as the rigging whistled and screeched and the masts creaked and groaned. But she made the other side again, with all hands hale and hearty! And on the next tack she was headed for the wharf.

"Hard down—hard!" Uncle Bill shouted through his cupped hands to Ernie, the helmsman on the final reach, as the **Bessie** neared her berth. Ernie swung the tiller over and the punt luffed and slid neatly alongside the wharf, the whipping sails braking the speed.

"Good work, me, boy!" Uncle Bill commended. "You're a born sailor. And I'll have you know that that first tack was the roughest trip the **Bessie** ever had!"

He knew from the last he had seen of the **Lukey** she would gain the far shore. Old Arch and his boy would row in and be home by nightfall.

Sure enough, just as darkness fell, the **Lukey** rounded the inside jetty — Old Arch sculling and Harry bending to the cross oar.

And on their wharf, waiting to greet them, were Ernie and Uncle Bill.

NEWFOUNDLAND AS OTHERS SEE IT!

HERE'S WHAT JOHN FISHER THINKS

JOHNN FISHER, the well-known C.B.C. commentator, was scheduled to speak during the four day convention of the Canadian Authors' Association which was held during the latter part of June in Montreal. Just a few hours before he was to speak Mr. Fisher was touring Newfoundland with Premier Joseph Smallwood. Then he remembered the engagement and within an hour had managed to get a plane to Montreal. When he arrived at the convention in the Windsor Hotel he was slightly breathless and his hair was mussed.

His subject was supposed to be on writing and writers, but Mr. Fisher was so enthused with what he had seen in Newfoundland that a great part of his talk was devoted to this subject. With fire in his eye and thunder in his speech he told his listeners a few things which other speakers had glossed over or neglected to mention.

"I would like you to understand," said Mr. Fisher, "that when the Newfoundlanders joined us they merely acquired a string of provinces. We acquired a country. And I am proud to say that it is a very fine country—a place which will do justice to Canada, and I am quite sure that before long many of the ways and many of the expressions of this

great nation will find a place on the Mainland."

The speaker pointed out that of all the provinces, with the possible exception of Quebec, Newfoundland was the only one which had retained its own individual way of life. Its dishes, its expressions, and its very living were entirely individual and not copied as they are in most other places in Canada.

A Policeman Sings

"I would also like to mention the fine spirit of democracy which is practised on the island," said Mr. Fisher. "To give you an example, one night I was returning to my hotel with a group of friends from a party we had attended. We had no sooner started than a gentleman in the car, who incidentally is the head of a very large St. John's firm, spotted a policeman directing traffic. The party stopped and the policeman got in the front of the car and together we toured the capital city with the policeman singing Newfoundland ballads. I tell you it was a wonderful feeling. And not the sort of thing which happens very often in Toronto or Montreal but which certainly should."

Mr. Fisher was also impressed with what he called the civility of the people. What is often taken for servility is just plain civility, he said.

"I remember one fine day I was driving with Premier Smallwood and we went out to the Avalon Peninsula," said Mr. Fisher. "We stopped the car and got out at a small village and in a matter of minutes dozens of people were around. The news travels faster

there than by any modern telegraphic method. The men came up and said, 'How do you do, Mr. Premier!' But then after the formalities were over it was man to man. And I was delighted, with one old chap who came up and said: 'Now Joey, b'y, you get us that new breakwater or things will be tough'."

"I noticed too a certain nobility of soul in the plainest of the people. We met one old fellow, who must have been 70, carrying a load of twigs over his shoulder with the end of the brush dragging on the road. As far as I could see there was a trail biting into the dusty road where the sticks had touched. The man said that the twigs were to be used for a fire to make himself a pot of tea. Now I suppose that even back in our Lord's time men carried their firewood just as this man did. But there was no apology in either his manner or his face—he was doing a job to the best of his ability and proud of it. And he talked to his Premier with an ease which would do a city man proud.

"And please," suggested Mr. Fisher, "never boast to a Newfoundlanders about the great age of the rest of Canada. He'll not be impressed because there were people in Newfoundland before there were any in the rest of Canada. Yes, there were settlers there in 1492. The island is the cradle of Canada. They were fishing there 400 years ago and I saw the actual house near St. John's where the first Newfoundland child was born and her birth registered—that was over 400 years ago too."

(Continued on page 33)



GORDON HOWELL

by PHIL SHACKLETON

he's relieved at dropping some extra jobs, the transfer to Ottawa involves no great change in his work.

From 1944, this man with the football player's build was chairman of the Board of Customs, chairman of the Board of Liquor Control and Chief Commissioner for Immigration in Newfoundland.

Since May, however, he's been clear of liquor and immigration worries, and now as a federal civil servant, he devotes his full time to customs matters.

When I phoned the information office of the Department of National Revenue, I asked in what branch I might find Gordon Howell. The girl was nonplussed; she thought about it a moment and then replied, "Well, you see he's not really with a branch. He's sort of on his own."

When I chatted a little later with him in his spacious office, he confirmed this rather odd classification. Actually he's attached to the deputy minister's office, but he may find himself tackling work from any of the widely scattered branches of the division.

As an extra duty, he acts as special advisor to the department

His work now covers the whole of Canada. On the side the ex-chairman of the Board of Customs is one of Ottawa's specialists on Newfoundland.

THERE'S been a change of view for Gordon Howell, popular Newfoundlander well known in customs circles since 1934. Until recently, Howell had a St. John's office whose window commanded the harbor and Signal Hill. Today in the turreted Connaught Building in Ottawa, he looks out on the Ottawa River and Parliament Hill.

The Connaught Building is headquarters for the Department of National Revenue, and Howell is now one of two special administrative officers in the Customs and Excise Division. Although

with regard to Newfoundland affairs.

Gordon Howell has been in customs work since 1934, but he still can't describe it to the layman. "There's an awful pile of work to customs. There's such a variety that it's impossible to pin point the work for you."

The only real description of his duties I could get was "general administration of customs and excise work". However, it looks as though he's become a valuable federal officer for all of Canada, while still keeping an eye on Newfoundland's interests.

Gordon Howell like Ottawa and its people. "I'm very pleased too," he says, "with the knowledge most people, and government officials in particular, have of Newfoundland."

It looks like he is settled in Ottawa for a long time. But although his new duties will keep him in the capital most of the time, he is already planning a vacation trip in Newfoundland.

Since coming to Ottawa a couple of months ago, his after hours recreation has been house hunting. There's been little time for anything else. Only recently, he bought a home in an attractive residential district of the capital city and he plans to bring his wife to Ottawa from St. John's within the month.

The house overlooks the Ottawa River, but Howell feels this is no substitute for the sea. "I miss the salt water terribly," he says. I suggested that we dump a few tons of rock salt into the Ottawa, but he shook his head sadly. "Artificial means can't duplicate the sea."

(Continued from page 31)

Mr. Fisher told his audience that a large part of the population of the provinces were made up of "Cautious Joes". But not Newfoundlanders, he warned. A Newfoundlander isn't timid, and he isn't afraid to take a chance.

Then the speaker went on to tell his listeners about the great kindness of island people. Friend or stranger, it's all the same — a Newfoundlander will share whatever he has.

There were more than 100 of Canada's leading writers in that audience. From now on Canadians are going to hear much more about Newfoundlanders — and what they hear will bring a good deal of credit to the island and to her people.

When Mr. Fisher finally sat down the applause of his audience spilled out of the hotel and could be heard clear across Peel Street. It was indeed a speech that will be long remembered.

—R. J. C.

• When the French Directory sent its fleets into Western waters in 1796 and one of them under Admiral Richery threatened St. John's and Newfoundland, it was scared off by a great show of force under the leadership of Governor Sir James Wallace. The pointed rock just below Cabot Tower on Signal Hill, often called the Crow's Nest, is properly called "Wallace's Battery" in memory of the able Governor. Unhappily in recent years quarry-work on the hill has destroyed this ancient landmark and memorial to a considerable degree.

WHALING AT HAWKES HARBOR

The whaling season is now at its height at Hawkes Harbor, Labrador, where the Polar Whaling Company operates a factory and provides employment from June to November each year for some 250 men, mostly Newfoundlanders.

During the 1949 season 349 whales were taken and processed at Hawkes Harbor. The main products are oil and guano, with some whale meat and livers also being utilized. Head office of the Polar Whaling Company is at Leith, Scotland.

We are indebted to Robert L. Stevenson for the pictures reproduced here. They were taken last summer during Mr. Stevenson's period of employment at the Hawkes Harbor factory. He is back there again this year in the capacity of



Whaling Inspector for the Fisheries Board.

In addition to the factory show the Oil Tanker "Polar" four whale catchers along with the whales which last season to the Hawkes Harbor whaling ships scour the sea port and when a whale is blown up with air and brought to surface for a pick-up boat to the factory.

Among the 1949 catches at Hawkes Harbor were fifty-six male whales, the largest number of this season taken there. Various other whales are found off the coast of Newfoundland and Labrador.

Hawkes Harbor is one of the most interesting ports of call on the Labrador run because here is sound evidence of the whaling industry.





foundland

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MY GREAT-UNCLE DANNY COULD HAVE TOLD THEM

by BRIAN CAHILL

SITTING in a doctor's office the other day and leafing through an old copy of the Canadian Medical Association Journal, I was astonished to find that Canadian medical scientists have only recently discovered something that my Great-Uncle Danny in Newfoundland could have told them 50 years ago.

That is the fact that seawater, when diluted with a little fresh water, is a palatable and often a life-saving drink for anyone adrift in an open boat or cast away on a desert island.

Great-Uncle Danny, a big, taciturn, stern-visaged man, known about the harbor as "Black Dan" and feared for the violence of his frequent rages, was once adrift for 21 days in a dory off the Banks of Newfoundland.

He had another man in the dory with him when they lost their schooner in the fog but when they were picked up by a Lunenberger 21 days later Great-Uncle Danny was alone.

There was a legend about the harbor for many years afterwards that Great Uncle Danny ate the other man—or at least some considerable portion of him—and that this accounted for the fact that Great-Uncle Danny was in remarkably good condition when rescued.

When Great-Uncle Danny was drinking and in one of the grim moods that earned him the name of Black Dan he was not loath to

lend some credence to this story. His wild looks and dark hints of what he could tell "if he had a mind to" sent chills up and down everybody's spine.

In his more amiable moments, however, he would tell the true story.

Or at least what he said was the true story.

He would say that the other man died because he was "a know-it-all sea lawyer" who had read in a book that seawater was undrinkable and wouldn't touch any.

Great-Uncle Danny said that when they went adrift they divided up the small amount of fresh water that was in the dory.

Great-Uncle Danny used to dilute his fresh water with seawater every time he drank and thus made it last much longer.

The other man wouldn't do this, however, and when he had used up all his fresh water he died of thirst—Great-Uncle Danny said.

One of the things that afterwards contributed to Great-Uncle Danny's reputation as "a terrible black man" was the refusal of many people to believe that seawater, even diluted with fresh, was drinkable.

Now, however, comes medical science to vindicate the old boy.

The Canadian Medical Association Journal upon which I happened had an article about "the ingestion of seawater as a means of attenuating fresh water rations" which bears out Great-Uncle Danny in every particular.

It says that a proportion of about 10 ounces of seawater to 16 of fresh is quite tolerable to the human system and may even be better than fresh water since it replaces body salts lost through perspiration.

The Journal quotes the case of a Russian naval officer who survived 36 days in an open boat in the Black Sea by drinking seawater along with a small daily ration of fresh water.

The Russian's companions all died because they refused to do the same thing.

The Journal says of the Russian that "he became so accustomed to

seawater that two years later he found that fresh water and ordinary food tasted unsalted."

Now, mind you, Great-Uncle Danny when ashore was never much of a man for water, salt or fresh, if anything else potable was handy.

As a matter of fact he used to say—it was one of his few attempts at humor—that all water should be bottled and labelled "For External Use Only".

'Twas noted, however, that to the end of his days he put large amounts of salt on all his meals and even then complained that "there was never no taste to it".

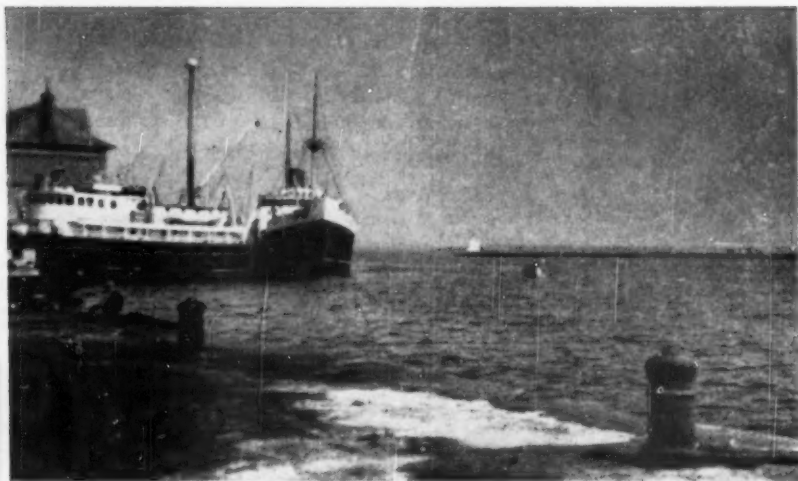
NEWFOUNDLAND ODDITIES

- "Hoylestown" is that portion of St. John's City, east of the Newfoundland Hotel, and bounded by the harbor, Signal Hill and Forest Road. St. Joseph's Parish is situated in Hoylestown. "Tubrid's Town" was situated off Barnes' Lane, now Barnes' Road. "Tarahan's Town" extended eastward from the foot of Garrison Hill and the Sergeant's Memorial along Bond Street to Prescott Street. It was swept by fire on October 19, 1855, which destroyed 200 houses and left 1000 people homeless.

- A summer storm of ice raged in Newfoundland in 1877. At Smith Sound, Trinity Bay, on August 27th, a terrible gale blew and pieces of ice four inches square fell doing great damage to trees and crops.

- In 1871 a Trinity Bay fisherman found in a codfish a massive gold ring bearing the inscription: "God Above Continue Our Love". The ring was claimed by the relatives of Pauline Burnam, drowned in the wreck of the steamer "Anglo-Saxon" at Chance Cove, near Cape Race in 1861; a reward of thirty-five pounds was paid the finder.

- The years 1787 and 1788 are unique in the history of the Newfoundland Bank fishery. For the first time negroes were employed; they were brought from Bermuda by the ship-owners. In 1788 thirty-four sloops of 30 to 60 tons burthen were engaged in the fishery; each sloop had a crew of from 8 to 12 men, of whom three-fourths were "robust, able black men . . . and slaves".



Newfoundland's "Bar Haven" made her first trip to St. Pierre and Miquelon last summer when the St. Lawrence and Burin ball teams chartered her for the crossing. Here, at the St. Pierre dock, the ship is framed, rather ironically, between cannon muzzles that once were turned against Newfoundland and Canada. Now imbedded in the concrete, the cannon are used for mooring vessels.

FRENCH NEIGHBORS ON OUR DOORSTEP

by ADELAIDE LEITCH

INSTEAD of exchanging cannon balls, Newfoundland and the islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon now exchange ball teams. It is a much more agreeable arrangement all round and, today, feeling is warm and friendly between these remnants of France's American empire and their big neighbor fifteen miles away.

Although the French islands have another mode of life and are as distinct as the gendarmes patrolling the streets, they still carry traces of a past linked with the past of Newfoundland, and particularly of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries when Placentia was the ancient French capital.

Right Reverend Monseigneur

LeGasse, Prefect Apostolic of St. Pierre and Miquelon, translated some of the inscriptions on ancient Basque tombstones at Placentia, when he visited Newfoundland in 1900. This was also the man who raised money among the titled people of France to erect a new church in St. Pierre when the old one burned to the ground.

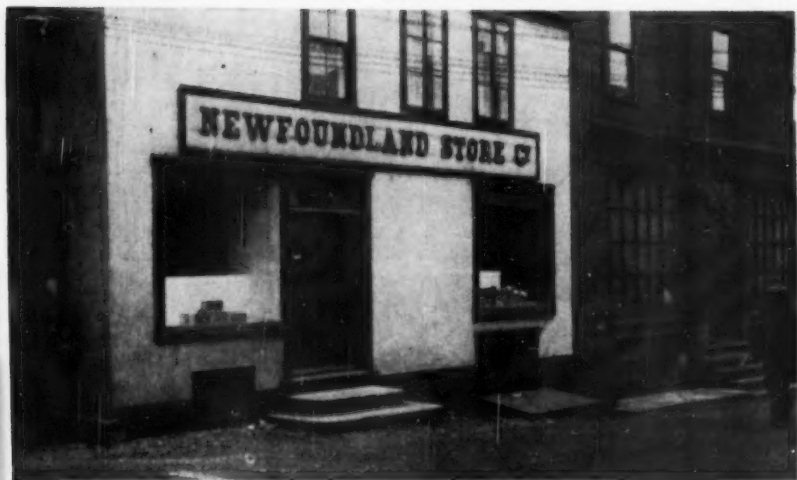
St. Pierre and Miquelon have been shuttled back and forth between France and England so many times it is a wonder they are not dizzy. The Treaty of Utrecht gave them to England the same time it gave Newfoundland but, in the early days, Newfoundland guns had been trained on the little islands more than once. One instance was on the morning of September 14, 1778, when Governor Montague of Newfoundland



Today, perhaps the closest tie between the islands is that of sport. Competition is sharp for teams such as St. Lawrence Soccer Team, shown here on the French playing field. Hospitality to the visiting teams is also tremendous, as the French literally turn their town inside out to please—and normally stage several full-dress parties, complete with the governor in gold-braided uniform.

While fishing is the main industry, as it is of Newfoundland, the town of St. Pierre itself has a well-developed commercial and ceremonial side. In the government buildings around the Square Joffre, business of the islands is carried on with all the precision of the French Republic. When the General Council meets, gendarmes form a guard of honor for the uniformed French governor.





Names like "Newfoundland Store" and "American House" are still tokens of the French bid for English business during the days of prohibition. In St. Pierre stores may be bought the finest of kid gloves, tapestries, wines and liqueurs (one bottle is allowed through the Canadian customs duty free), perfume (which may not be brought into Canada at all), and American cigarettes which may be purchased more cheaply here than in the United States.

destroyed all the buildings on St. Pierre and drove the settlers back home to France. Not until the Treaty of Paris in 1814 did St. Pierre and Miquelon become finally and permanently part of France.

The 1920-32 period brought a different kind of link with Newfoundland with the rum-running era. For a while, the French islands were prosperous beyond their wildest dreams—until Canada and America complained finally to France, and Paris put an end to the island's lucrative business.

For years, the islands were famous for their pure-bred Newfoundland dogs, but now, as the strain becomes mixed with other breeds, the thoroughbreds are more difficult to find. This chap, out for a stroll on a rainy afternoon, obligingly paused to pose.



ATLANTIC GUARDIAN



At the start of the fishing season, when the trawlers are headed for the Grand Banks, and the dories are preparing for inshore fishing, a schooner model in the church at St. Pierre is carried to the sea, where the priest blesses the water. Similar ceremonies are held at Miquelon and also on the tiny fishing island of Ile Aux Marins in St. Pierre harbor.

Today, St. Pierre and Miquelon prosperity—and a relatively high standard of living—are based on the cod and, more recently, a growing fox ranching industry. The French fishermen borrowed some of the Newfoundland expressions and incorporated them into their own language, but their fishing dories, with their graceful, pointed prows and sterns, are unique in the world.

Businessmen in St. Pierre have started negotiations for refrigerator ships and new fish plants to carry their catch, fresh, to France and there, they say, is a large and

Differing from the dories of Newfoundland—and from all other dories in the world—the St. Pierre and Miquelon fishing boats have flat bottoms and pointed prows and sterns. They are usually pure white, with wide bands of trimming in scarlet, canary yellow, blue, green or orange. The independent French prefer to thus operate their own small businesses, rather than ship on as crew for some one else, although trawler fishing is carried on to some degree.



untapped market. The French islands are not expected to be able to supply more than ten percent of the demand, according to backers of the venture, and Newfoundland and Maritime fishermen should profit too.

Although so close to Newfoundland and mainland America, St. Pierre and Miquelon have pre-

served a culture all their own. Newfoundland girls who have married the French seamen now speak as pure French as the islanders themselves — and it is Parisian, not Quebec speech. Passports are required of visitors, and customs inspectors may insist that dollars and cents be transferred into francs.

A. G. FLASHBACKS

SAMUEL CODNER **Pioneer in Education**

THE old West Country merchants and captains, the "Merchant Adventurers" were for centuries the bane of the existence of the colony of Newfoundland. Amongst their number, however, there was one man who in his lifetime did more to adjust the balance between fair play and repression, than any score of his confreres. Samuel Codner was the man.

His connections with the Newfoundland trade began either in the last years of the 18th century or the first years of the 19th. They lasted until 1844 when he sold his business to Messrs. Wilson and Meynell. In the course of his trading in Newfoundland, Codner made many trips across the Atlantic. There are legends and traditions associated with his switch from commercial aggrandizement to philanthropy, but Codner himself tells how it came about.

He was at a meeting in Margate in 1821 to assist at the inauguration of a branch of the Bible Society, when he heard Lord Liverpool in a powerful speech

underline the responsibility of the Mother Country for extending the blessings of education and religious instructions to her colonies.

Samuel Codner immediately thought of Newfoundland where he had already amassed a considerable fortune, and the poor, benighted colonists, who due to generations of repression, were in a most backward state. His conscience was troubled so much so that he founded the "Newfoundland School Society". Actually its first name was "The Society for educating the poor of Newfoundland". Later it was merged into the "Colonial and Continental Church Society". He sank a lot of his own money in it and canvassed the British Isles for further support. Branches of the Society were formed in principal towns.

The Society's operations in Newfoundland commenced in September, 1824, and for the remainder of his life Samuel Codner devoted himself to its progress which was rapid and extensive. Though it was primarily a Church of England undertaking, the spread of education was a great step forward generally, and Judge Prowse was right when he said of Codner that "every Newfoundlander should revere his memory."

—M. F. H.

Atlantic Guardian's
"KNOW YOUR NEIGHBOR" Series . . .



MANITOBA



HON. DOUGLAS CAMPBELL

Less than two years ago Newfoundland was welcomed as the tenth province of Canada. In that short period we in the West have learned much concerning your vast land. Citizens of the older provinces have also quickly learned to appreciate the contribution Newfoundland has made and is making to Canada as a whole.

Through the publicity given your province we have come to know your people, your industries and your all-important geographical location in the international field. In return the Atlantic Guardian has for some time been featuring each month an article on one of the other provinces with the thought that they may become better known to all of you in Newfoundland and by so doing, help to make the unity of Canada more complete.

I therefore welcome this opportunity of extending greetings to the people of Newfoundland on behalf of all the people of Manitoba.

DOUGLAS CAMPBELL,
Premier of Manitoba.

THIS IS MANITOBA-

"KEYSTONE PROVINCE"

by CHARLES CLAY

MANITOBA is called Canada's keystone province because of shape and location. It is certainly most centrally located of the ten provincial units. It covers about 250,000 square miles, of which 27,000 square miles are lakes and rivers. Many non-Manitobans are astonished to learn that over 400 miles of Manitoba's boundary are washed by the salt water of Hudson Bay. This is nearly equal to the sea coast of British Columbia.

As Manitoba is quite definitely "the West" to the Eastern Canadian, it is just as definitely "the East" to the Pacific Coast Canadian. It is the oldest of the three prairie provinces, and its 778,000 population is not quite one-third of that area's 2,457,000 people. The southern part of Manitoba is roughly the geographical centre of North America.

In size, Manitoba is interesting. Its land area exceeds the combined areas of the adjacent states of North Dakota, South Dakota, Minnesota. The total area of Manitoba is more than double the British Isles or Italy. It is greater than Spain or France.

The economy of the province is remarkably varied, because its resources are remarkably varied. There is the broad southern belt of rich farm lands, dotted here and there with unexpected non-

ferrous mineral deposits of such things as gypsum, salt, clay, peat, lime stone; there is the vast northern area which has turned out to be a fabulous storehouse of zinc, gold, silver, copper, cadmium, selenium; above the mineral deposits is a blanket of extensive forest which supports a modest lumbering industry and one of the nation's largest pulp and paper mills; and breaking the green of the forest is the blue of fish-rich lakes and rivers. Manitoba is one of North America's wealthiest areas.

How the Land Lies

One of the best ways to understand any area is to understand its basic geography. The lie of the land of Manitoba has great significance. It explains the province, makes its economy clear, and fits the area into the jig-saw that is modern Canada.

Many people think Manitoba is only bald prairie. How wrong! Go seventy-five miles from Winnipeg, boxing the compass, and the country is rolling, even hilly, and the valleys are wooded. Veer off to the northeast and you find the spectacular Precambrian Shield, which is no more like prairie land than a cod fish is like an orange.

Half way to the northwest corner, the Riding Mountains rise over 1,000 feet above the surrounding country. Near them are the Duck and Porcupine Mountains. The Turtle Mountains are in the southwest. Around these are many river valleys, Swan, Pembina, Assiniboine, Minnedosa, Shell, all of which break the flat plain. These rivers of the plains are generally shallow, fairly swift in places, and often rise fast in



Winnipeg is the financial and commercial centre of Manitoba, as well as the capital. This is Portage Ave.

spring. They carry much soil in suspension. The historic Souris River alone is controlled along its entire length by dams.

Southern Manitoba was once covered by great glacial Lake Agassiz. Upon its recession, Agassiz left a deep deposit of silt. This accounts for the fertile Red River valley land, which produces major grain crops.

All these rivers drain northwards through the Nelson River to Hudson Bay because Manitoba is at the bottom of a watershed stretching from the Rocky Mountains of Alberta. The Nelson drainage basin is the second largest in Canada, exceeded only by the Mackenzie. Manitoba's

other major river, the Churchill, ranks seventh in Canada.

Who are the Manitobans?

Who inhabits this unique and interesting geographic region? Manitoba is a living example of a workable United Nations. About 30 percent are of English stock, 18 percent Scots, 11 percent Irish, 9 percent Ukrainian, 6 percent Jewish; and 5 percent each of French, German, Polish, and Scandinavian stock. Twelve other national stocks are reported on the latest census.

It is a significant fact that Manitoba's population make-up is constantly changing. Currently despite the many stocks represented almost 77 percent were

born in Canada, of the remainder 10 percent came from other British countries, 11 percent from Europe, and 2 percent from the United States. A very high proportion — 98 percent — are Canadian citizens.

A sharp-eyed observer has noted that "Manitoba's centres of population are a product of the transportation system". And, in fact, along every six or seven miles of railway a siding has been built, grain elevators have been erected, and a small agricultural community has grown up as a distributing centre. These grain elevators are characteristic landmarks of Manitoba, and have been called "Castles of the New World".

Despite the number of these villages and towns, Manitoba's urban population is concentrated in Winnipeg, St. Boniface, and Brandon. Out of this fact is born some of the political and economic problems which make Manitoba a subject of lively study for the sociologist and political economist.

Colorful History

Manitoba's historical and red-letter years are worth recalling: Henry Hudson was the first white man to see the Arctic sea coast of Manitoba, when in 1610 he brought his high-pooped **Discovery** into the bay that now bears his name; the British flag was first placed on Manitoba soil by Captain Button in 1612 (and in consequence Manitoba has been under one flag longer than any other extensive part of mainland North America); Danish navigator Munck discovered Churchill harbor in 1619; the famed Hudson's Bay Company began sending trading vessels into the area in 1670.

Manitoba was explored along the routes of its main rivers. At about the same time British fur traders were making themselves felt along the Churchill and Nelson rivers, the French in the person of Sieur de la Verendrye started the investigation of southern Manitoba via the Great Lakes and the Lake of the Woods. On September 24, 1738, de la Verendrye arrived at the junction of the Red and Assiniboine and built Fort Rouge, ancestor of the great metropolis of Winnipeg.

Thus began the great fur-trade battle. The Hudson's Bay Company's history in Manitoba is of three periods: the English-French rivalry from 1670 to the ceding of Canada to England by France in 1763; the English-Scots rivalry from 1763 to the amalgamation of the Hudson's Bay Company with its powerful Scots-crested competitor, the North West Company, in 1821; and the monopoly period from 1821 to the surrender to the crown by the Company of its special privileges in 1869. In this period, Fort Garry, near the site of Fort Rouge (which has been burned), was North American headquarters of the great Company.

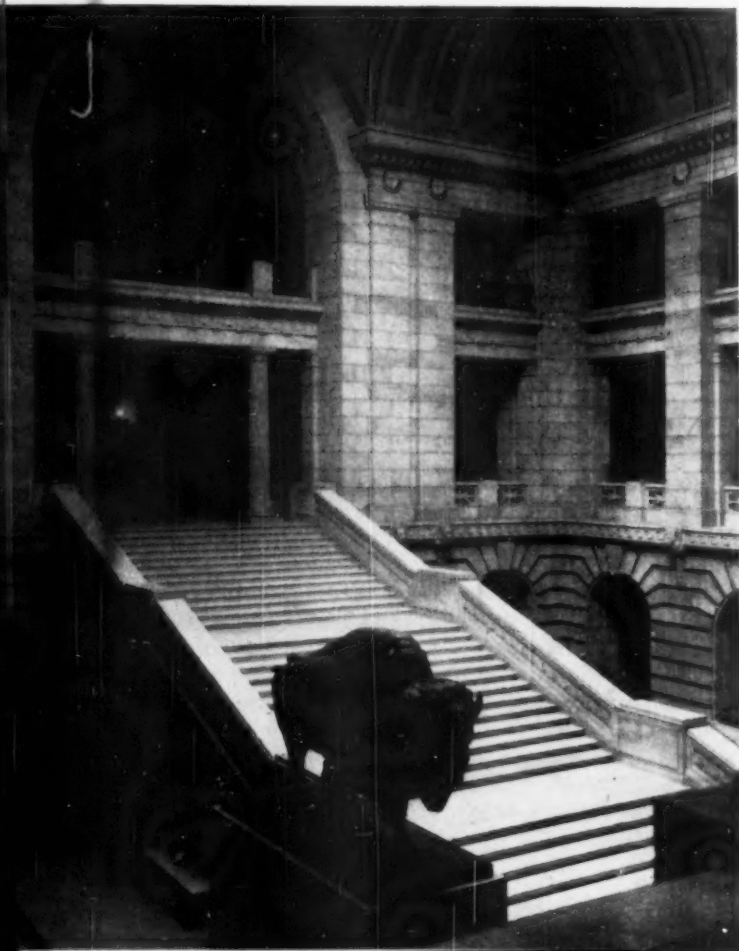
For obvious reasons, none of the fur-traders colonized. They saw civilization would curtail fur. But the fur trade created a problem. More and more men were required factors to meet the Indians, voyageurs to transport supplies. To grow agricultural products for such fur-traders, a settlement was begun in the Red River valley in 1812 when Lord Selkirk brought out 300 Scottish and Irish crofters. They were

augmented by colonists from Switzerland in 1818, and by many French-Canadians who soon joined the settlement. After the 1821 amalgamation of the rival fur companies, these fathers of third and fourth generation Manitobans settled down on the Red and the Assiniboine Rivers in little groups, with Fort Garry (later Winnipeg) as the centre.

Farmers from Ontario poured into the Red River Valley in the late sixties, and lines of conflict

became clear — between the old society and the new, between fur and wheat. It culminated in the insurrection of 1869-70 with the newcomers anxious to take over the region as a part of Canada, and the old settlers anxious to remain unattached. Unfortunately the negotiations for confederation were not clearly understood or appreciated by the old settlers. They feared the transfer meant the forfeiture of their lands. Led by Louis Riel they rebelled in

Indicative of the grandeur of Manitoba's Legislative Building is the Grand Staircase. The province was established in 1870.





Grain elevators dominate the Manitoba scene. Winnipeg is the greatest grain centre on the North American continent.

1869, and attempted to set up an independent government. Fort Garry was seized and made headquarters. But an 1870 military expedition from Eastern Canada frightened the insurgent leaders and they fled.

The federal government at once established the province of Manitoba. It seemed little more than a brave experiment in 1870. Isolated from its sister provinces, faced with painful pioneering conditions, the new province had a

troublesome childhood.

Overcoming all difficulties, the Manitobans of 80 years ago won through. The first sternwheeler steamed down the Red River bringing goods and settlers from the United States in 1859; the first railway train ran between the United States and Winnipeg in 1878; the first Canadian Pacific Railway train from Montreal vested by hand by Lord Selkirk's crofters, the golden fields of Manitoba yielded almost 97,000,000

bushels of wheat. In the 1891-1921 period, Manitoba's farm lands under crop increased from 1,500,000 to over 30,000,000 acres.

For half a century—from 1886 to 1936—wheat was king in Winnipeg and on every side there is evidence of that monarch's influence — the Grain Exchange, huge elevators, flour mills, internationally known biscuit-makers.

But today, while the torrent of prairie wheat running through Winnipeg channels is like an annual flood of gold, wheat is no longer undisputed monarch. The farms of Manitoba are much more bound for Vancouver chugged into the Winnipeg station on July 1, 1886.

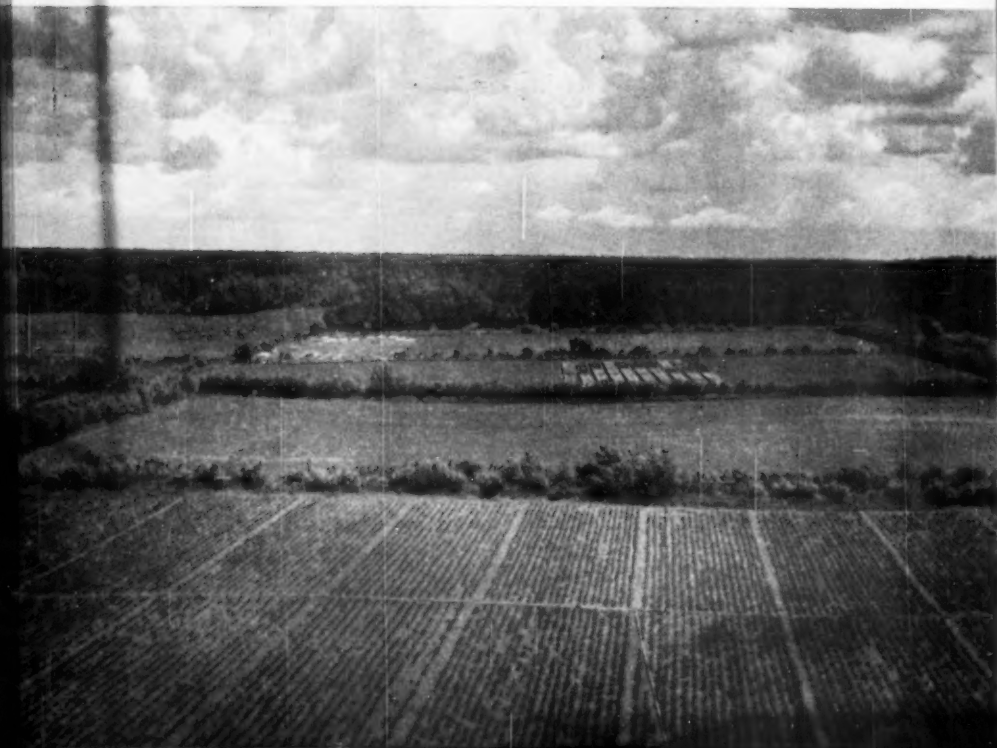
When Wheat was King

The attractive cheapness of the

3 250,000 acres of Red River Valley land, the wonderful ease with which it could be readied for the seed, the astounding fertility of the soil, the magic speed of vegetable growth, the rapid development of hard wheat, the heavy yields, the accessibilities of markets, created a zeal for grain production that obscured other phases of agriculture in the Manitoba of the 'eighties, the 'nineties and the early part of the 20th century. The first steps in building Canada's prairie granary were being taken.

By 1915, one hundred years after the first little crop was harvested now than formerly. Barley, rye, oats and flax; sunflower seeds and sugar beets; beef and dairy cattle, hogs and sheep, chickens

In 1949 the total value of all Manitoba farm production was over \$300,000,000. Manitoba is conservation-wise.



and turkeys; apples, grapes, plums—all are among the rich tribute which Manitoba farmers extract from the fertile and willing land.

For the very reasons that attracted the early settlers, agriculture will remain a fundamental primary industry of Manitoba. Today with the help of modern machinery, using new methods, trying out new crops, and increasing electrification, Manitoba farmers enjoy pleasant and high standards of living. These include improved housing, increased conveniences, increased land ownership (in blocks averaging 270 acres) and decreased farm debt. According to a 1947 federal Department of Agriculture survey, families in Manitoba rural areas "possessed more radios, passenger automobiles, and telephones than their urban neighbors. One family in five had electricity and one in ten had running water."

Northern Treasure Chest

But arable land is only part of Manitoba's wealth. Something like two-thirds of Manitoba lie within the Precambrian shield, that fabulous northern treasure chest of forest products, minerals, furs, fish.

Roughly 40 percent of Manitoba is covered by forest, although only about a third of this is productive. The most common trees are white and black spruce, aspen, balsam poplar, jackpine, tamarack, white birch, and balsam fir in the northern areas. The hard woods of elm, oak and ash grow in many of the southern prairie river valleys.

In 1948 Manitoba forests produced \$14,000,000 worth of primary products, and provided seasonal and full-time woods employment for thousands of men. In addition more than 500 wood and paper industries produced over \$30,000,000 worth of finished goods. Knowing the importance of maintaining the forest assets of Manitoba, the provincial Department of Mines and Natural Resources controls seven areas as Forest Reserves. Proper management ensures that these lands may produce timber without ceasing.

Manitoba's Precambrian min-
than her new lumber production.
eral production is more impressive
In 1948 over \$18,600,000 worth of
copper, zinc, gold, silver, cad-
minium, selenium, tellurium, lith-
ium, were hauled to the surface
and refined.

Manitoba mining is only 40 years old. It was in 1911 that the first gold claims were staked on the shores of Rice Lake. In 1922 prospectors were rewarded by the discovery of what is now the Sherritt-Gordon gold mine. The Hudson Bay Mining and Smelting Company at Flin Flon began in 1926, and now is one of the largest producers of zinc and copper on the continent. More than 2,500 men dig out 5,000 tons of ore daily and earn approximately \$6,000,000 a year doing it. They support a town of 11,000 persons.

Manitoba's Precambrian north has another treasure. It is the home for about 90 different species of fish. Pickerel, white fish, saugers, pike, tullibee, gold-eye are the principal varieties netted,



The largest single industry in Manitoba is meat-packing. Farming, mining, forestry, fishing, fur-trapping are primary industries.

and in quantities to give Manitoba Canada's second largest inland fishing industry.

Lake Winnipeg, ninth largest body of fresh water in the world, produces half of Manitoba's annual catch. It is ideal white fish habitat. The fish are caught in nets placed below the ice, frozen as soon as taken from the water, and shipped to world markets.

When Manitoba was born in 1870, the fur trade was 200 years old. In that period it had been the area's only export, and its first foundation stone. In 1950, Manitoba still has a modest fur trade, for its wild life resources are by no means exhausted. The annual catch of muskrat, beaver, otter,

fisher, marten, mink, wolf, coyote, fox, lynx, wolverine, skunk and ermine makes Manitoba Canada's fourth ranking raw-fur producing province. More than 10,000 families gain some portion of their livelihood from trapping. With provincial government aid, north country Fur Rehabilitation Blocks have been created to rehabilitate the muskrat and beaver through water development and protection. In addition to wild-life furs, some 800 licensed fur farms grow silver fox, mink and other species.

Lusty Industrial Infant

As Manitoba grew older, its work pattern changed. It is no longer concerned solely with

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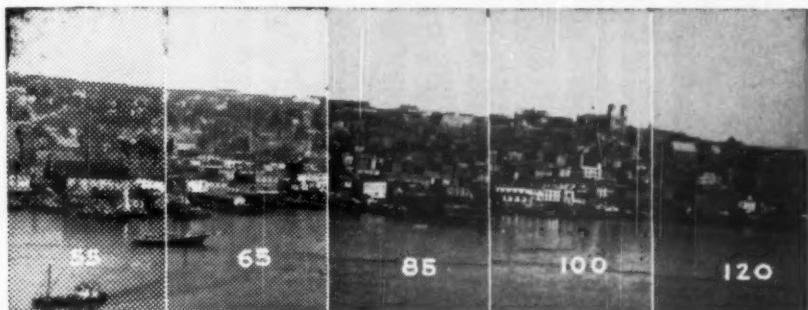
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erecting primary products of farm and forest. Manitoba's industrial vigour is diversified. Taxi meters, agricultural implements, dry cell batteries, baby shoes, electric transformers, building blocks, culverts are but a few of the products now carrying the "Made in Manitoba" label.

Manufacturing was born in 1825, with the erection of a windmill to grind flour. A flourishing needle-trades industry started in 1895. The St. Boniface stockyards, largest in the British Empire, opened in 1913.

Electrical power has made Manitoba the lusty industrial. It is an electric-power-rich province, with a potential of at least 4,600,000 horsepower of which 468,000 horsepower have already

been developed. Under way are new projects which will add an estimated 225,000 horsepower.

Most important of the hydro-electric rivers is the Winnipeg, which has five great plants delivering power to the city of Winnipeg and over a large portion of the province. The Churchill and the Nelson Rivers have been barely touched, and their great potential power resources are still undeveloped.

The Manitoba Power Commission organized in 1919 is a provincially owned utility. Its rural electrification program is so outstanding an achievement that it has become the model for power distribution in other Canadian agricultural communities. Already about 15,000 of Manitoba's 60,000

Manitoba is rich in scenic grandeur, almost doubles its population with American tourists during summer season.



farms have electricity through the Commission. It also takes power to some 300 Manitoba towns and villages.

Without transportation facilities all this grand organization of agriculture, mining, forestry, fishing and industry would be useless. Manitoba is especially blessed. Its geographic position places it at the crossroads of the nation's commerce. Unique factors in the Precambrian shield to the north and the United States boundary to the south squeeze all transcontinental transportation lines into a narrow belt. Rail, air and highway facilities are drawn inevitably through the Winnipeg ring.

The waterways were Manitoba's first artery of commerce. Steamboats commenced to ply on Red River between Fort Garry and United States points in 1859. They ran until 1878 when a north-south railway put them out of business. But the Red River is still used from June to October to haul lumber and fish from northern regions, and to supply communities and trading posts along Lake Winnipeg's 1,000 miles of shoreline. Manitoba's difficult and intricate north country canoe routes paddled by early fur traders and pioneers are now paddled only by tourists, prospectors, trappers, Indians.

After the water artery came the land artery. Red River cart caravan trails joined the pioneer Red River Valley settlements. In 1871 a stage line between Fort Garry and St. Paul was inaugurated. Today over 20,000 miles of 11 improved highways criss-cross the province.

Seven years after the north-south rail artery was opened, the transcontinental Canadian Pacific Railway triumphed over formidable mountain barriers. Today the Canadian Pacific has nearly 1,800 miles of Manitoba lines, and its transcontinental service is speeded by 320 miles of siding in Winnipeg, the largest individually-owned railway yards in the world, with a capacity of about 25,000 cars (enough to make over 250 trains!)

A second transcontinental railway reached Manitoba in 1896 and a third in 1902. These later formed the Canadian National Railways, which fan out into the northwest areas of the province. They include the long-discussed 510 mile Hudson Bay Railway which became a reality in 1930. Thus the Canadian National system now has about 2,600 miles of lines in Manitoba.

Manitobans have faith in their Hudson Bay Railway, running to tidewater at historic Fort Churchill. Although the normal deep-sea shipping season extends over but four months, an impressive number of bushels of wheat pass annually through the huge government-owned elevators on their way to Europe, and ever-increasing tonnages of European manufactured goods arrive at quay-side bound for prairie consumers.

Manitoba is already a great air province. On an average day there are 150 flights in and out of the Winnipeg airport. The numerous Precambrian rivers and lakes provide landing for aircraft servicing isolated mining settlements.

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The Organized Community

Out of this background of agriculture, industry, commerce and transportation comes an understanding of the organized community that is the province of Manitoba—of what Manitobans do and of how they live together.

Manitobans have a national reputation in agricultural and industrial development. It is said that this is due to bountiful Nature and to the creative genius of the men and women who capitalized wisely on the exceptional opportunities. It is true that the primary industries — which in order of importance, are farming, mining, forestry, fishing, fur trapping—give the province a broad economic base, on which aggressive enterprise has erected a surprising number and variety of secondary industries which convert the valuable raw materials into a host of goods which flow readily into the trade channels of the world. Many jobs and a strong economic position are the consequence.

Like all other provinces, except Quebec, Manitoba has only one governing body — a Legislative Assembly. Manitobans elect it at five-year intervals. Manitoba's per capita taxes are the lowest in any province in Canada, except those of Prince Edward Island.

The people, through the government, own not only an electrical power transmission system but also a provincial telephone system. Manitoba Savings Offices were opened by the province in 1920. The Manitoba Government

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Manitoba has a notable record of social progress. It was the first province to erect a compulsory motor responsibility law, and among the first to introduce mothers' allowances. The Manitoba Fair Wage Act set up wage boards governing construction, barbers, hairdressers, bakers. The welfare of Manitobans is constantly under governmental review. The provincial Department of Health and Public Welfare administers laws dealing with child welfare, the aged and infirm, hospitals, mental and venereal diseases. A provincial health service plan is based on the idea that prevention of disease should be organized first. There are full-time municipal health services. An over-all provincial hospital plan has made considerable progress.

Winnipeg Dominates

It is practically impossible to write about Manitoba without stressing the city of Winnipeg; it is the province's largest city, it dominates the province, it is the transcontinental transportation bottleneck and the provincial transportation hub, and it is the province's manufacturing centre.

On November 3, 1873, the historic village of Fort Garry, with a population of 1,664, became at a bound the City of Winnipeg. The Province of Manitoba itself had only reached the tender age of three, while Canada as a nation was but six years old. Within 15 years the population had increased to 21,257, the transcontinental railway had arrived, and Winni-

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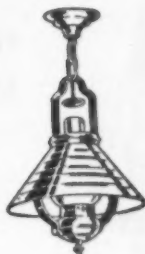


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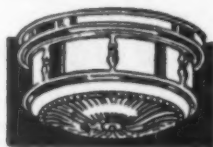
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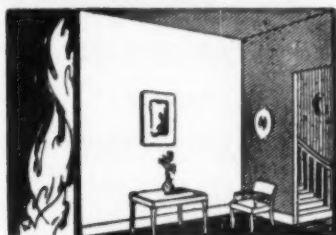
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peg entered the next phase of its distinguished career—"gateway to the granary of the world".

Today Winnipeg is the financial and commercial centre of Manitoba, as indeed it is also of the whole prairie-province area. This is due to the role of agriculture—especially grain—in Canada's middle-west economy. Practically all the grain exported from Manitoba, and most of that from Saskatchewan and Alberta funnels through Winnipeg. Nearly two generations of Winnipeggers regarded the Grain Exchange as the pulsing commercial heart of the city. Indeed, prior to the restrictions on the grain trade necessitated by World War II and post-war conditions, the Winnipeg Exchange rivalled any grain market in the world.

Wide streets, tree-planted boulevards, a city-owned central heating plant for the business area and a private plant for some residential areas (which reduces the number of chimneys and makes the city remarkably smoke free), are other features of Winnipeg. The Legislative Building, the finest of its type in the dominion, is the architectural highlight of the city. Winnipeg has the unusual number of 90 tree and flower filled parks and squares, ranging from 290 acres to half an acre.

St. Boniface, second city of Manitoba, lies directly across the Red River from Winnipeg. Although it is the centre of Manitoba's French community, with its historic basilica, it is an integral part of Winnipeg's business life. At St. Boniface Roman Catholic missionaries established their



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headquarters nearly 150 years ago, and the school founded by them in 1818 developed into present day St. Boniface College. The city is predominantly French-Canadian, and, since that culture and language flow across the Red, they give a unique flavor to Winnipeg's commercial, professional and artistic life.

World of the Mind

It should be clear from all these facts and figures about Manitoba that Manitobans are a lively people. And that is the culminating fact of this article. You have to look long and hard to find a sluggish Manitoban! For evidence, examine the educational, religious, and cultural life of the province.

Manitoba has good reason to be proud of its schools, which for the English-speaking population were established as early as 1820. St. John's College, after an existence of nearly half a century, was incorporated in 1871. The Scottish settlers organized a school in 1849, which also was incorporated in 1871 as Manitoba College. Wesley College (now United) established under the auspices of the Methodist Church, was incorporated in 1887. In 1890 Manitoba passed the Public School Act, making the public schools free and non-sectarian.

The University of Manitoba was established in 1877 as an examining and degree conferring body, instruction being given by the four denominational colleges. In 1904 the University itself began to offer courses, which were soon extended to provide a full program in almost all academic and professional fields. Many indus-

trial and business firms appreciate the University's facilities and make use of the research skills available in the engineering, science, and agricultural departments.

There are many religious denominations in Manitoba, and untrammelled freedom of worship permits all creeds to thrive. With Scottish Presbyterians in the forefront in colonist days, it is not surprising that the United Church is in the numerical van; the Anglicans are second, the Roman Catholics third, the Greek Catholics fourth and the Lutherans fifth. These make up some 80 percent of the population. Of the remainder, the Mennonites, Jews and Baptists follow in the order named. There are some 16 other religious denominations each having over 1,000 adherents, and several more with smaller congregations! Religious freedom is exemplified in Manitoba.

Shake a tree in Manitoba and an intellectual is liable to fall out of it! The province is noted for its scientists, philosophers, musicians, artists, and authors. Buller, Wright, Pentland, Phillips, Salverson are names taken at random. John W. Dafoe of the **Winnipeg Free Press** was a world figure and dean of Canadian journalists for over a quarter of a century.

Winnipeg is annually home to the largest musical festival in the British Commonwealth and owns its own auditorium, one of the most modern on the continent, with a museum and art gallery.

Winnipeg's municipal theatre, the Playhouse, is open 365 days in the year to vaudeville, musical

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shows, and dramatic productions of amateur and professional companies. It features performances of the Winnipeg Ballet, one of Canada's leading companies.

"The Rim of Adventure"

Manitoba claims that it is "Inside the Rim of Adventure"—and it is no idle boast. Cruises down the Red River to the City of Selkirk, then on to 250-mile Lake Winnipeg, touch at many picturesque points of interest. Flin Flon, in the northwest, has the only lake-bottom golf links in the world.

Thousand square mile White shell Provincial Park in the southeast is an attractive evergreen playground, studded with over two hundred jewel-like lakes and many rivers.

Big game hunting and wing-shooting are exceedingly popular in Manitoba, Polar bear, white whales, and seals are hunted along the Hudson Bay shore. South western Manitoba is noted as the breeding ground for upland game birds. The flat land is ideal for training bird dogs, and there are annual migrations of dog-trainers from many parts of the United States. At the head of Lake Winnipeg are the largest wild-rice marshes in Canada, where the wings of ducks rustle the autumn air. Large areas throughout the province have been set aside as game preserves, and Manitoba's wild life resources are being increased.

Manitoba grows man-sized game fish. From the southern border to the northern tip of the province, 750 miles distance, there is good sport.

Nature's gifts to Manitoba compare favorably with any Canadian province. Much of Manitoba has been untouched by the hand of northern Precambrian areas, and northern Precambrian areas, and appeals to outdoor loving Manitobans as well as to visitors.

Rounding the Portrait

Here is a striking statistic to round out this portrait of Manitoba. If you had visited Manitoba in 1948, every second person you met could have been an American tourist! About 346,000 Americans trekked "Inside the Rim of Adventure" that year. They discovered the fascination of Manitoba.

The original area of Manitoba in 1870 was 13,928 square miles. It was long referred to as the "postage stamp" province. Development of Manitoba has been remarkable. In 70 years its area has grown over 18 times. Its population has increased nearly 40 times that of 1870. Manitoba now ranks fifth in area among the provinces of Canada, and fourth in population.

Manitoba is often called Canada's "Representative Province". It approximates an average of the nation. It is neither largest nor smallest, richest nor poorest, warmest nor coldest, oldest nor newest. It stands in the centre of the country. Its interests and aspirations coincide as completely as anywhere in Canada.

Manitoba's achievements have been remarkable. They are a banner for the rest of Canada. Manitoba's future holds the promise of even greater achievements. Hats off to Manitoba!



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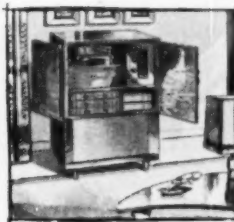


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